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THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM AND EDUCATION

BY ELISABETH L. CARY

THOSE who have followed the long history of the Metropolitan Museum—from the days when its nomadic existence ceased and it went into a home of its own in Central Park, to the year 1907 when Henry W. Kent was appointed Supervisor of Museum Instruction, and active steps were taken to increase the usefulness of the Museum to the public—will realize that the moment at last has come for the ardent advocates of extending the scope of this usefulness to draw a long breath and admit victory.

For eleven years Mr. Kent and his staff have worked to forge links between the Museum and the schools, between the Museum and the designers, the manufacturers, the clubs, children, adults, the public of upper Fifth Avenue and the public of the lower East Side; to bring the resources of the collections to those who will make practical use of them in extending and illustrating their study of the past, to get art into the vernacular of the people and to force it also into the classic terminology of the colleges; to make it omnipresent as it should be in a civilized nation, and as it has been in the highest civilizations of the past.

M. Pottier, writing of the Greek vase painters has put the case for ancient Greece: "The Greeks had no bibelots," he says, "one might even say that there were no amateurs or collectors among them. Utility was the sole basis of art; it constituted its force and health." The cups and amphorae upon which appear the

beautiful designs of the Greek decorators were not museum pieces to be sequestered and admired in isolation, but were passed from hand to hand freely to be enjoyed by those who drank from them at banquets or poured from them oil and wine, and this was true of all the useful objects that were given shape and color by the beauty-loving Greeks. That is the ideal state of art in a community. But Greece was a little country with an indigenous art and limited opportunities to follow the development of the arts in the other countries of the world. With all the news of art coming to us daily, with all the products of art from all parts of the globe as familiar to us as the geography that names for us their local habitations, it is increasingly difficult to make art interesting to the public. The pictures on the walls, the designs on cups and pitchers and vases, the sculpture on buildings, no longer represent to us the lovely expression of our personal interests, our personal activities, our personal ideals. We no longer live over again in our art the pleasantness of the games and feasts in which we have participated, the tonic happiness of our wholesome work and our lusty warfare, our own loves and our own triumphs. We must share our ideals and our art with the larger world, and something of the energy of our enjoyment has been dissipated. How to get it back is the problem of the day. There is some way, of course, in which the selfishness of individualism or of a closely related community can be turned into a higher and finer emotion for the service of

a wider world and to find it is a task to which all intelligent teachers of art and servants of the public are bending their efforts.

The Metropolitan Museum whose name in itself indicates the complexity of its problem, is situated in a great city of composite population and invites to its collections a public deeply channelled by differences in wealth and tastes, and interests that even art finds it all but impossible to bridge; a situation that must tax to the utmost the faith and the powers of the most ardent enthusiast for the modern type of museum service. Fortunately those whose special work it is to shape and direct the educational possibilities in this case are of the temper that finds stimulus in obstacles.

The connection of the Museum with the schools is the most obviously rewarding of the methods employed to reach the public. The range of the points of contact between the Metropolitan Museum and the public and private schools of the city already is fairly wide and shows how the most diverse subjects of the school curriculum may be illustrated from the museum collections.

Thus a class in French last year made fortnightly visits to the Museum throughout the school year, studying French art from the twelfth century to Rodin, making this study the subject of their conversation in class and of their written exercises, and learning not only the spoken and written language of France but the clear personal idiom of its art in which national characteristics have been faithfully carried down from generation to generation. A class in mediaeval history from Barnard College, numbering over two hundred students, came in groups of 20 to a lecture in the galleries on the art of the Middle Ages, and no one familiar with this important department of the Museum's collections will fail to realize how clear to these students must have been the connection between art and life during the period of history thus presented to them.

In the course of the same year high school classes studied historic design for use in home decoration; others came for lectures on costume and on furniture and did their own sketching in the galleries under the

direction of their teachers; and special lectures and talks were given outside the Museum in schools which had made special requests for cooperation.

These are only a few of the ways in which the Metropolitan Museum has met the schools in pursuit of the common end, the education of young minds toward the recognition of standards. A course of lectures was arranged two or three years ago for high school pupils following the textbooks in use in the schools. Lists of objects giving the historical background of different periods were arranged for the assistance of teachers carrying on independent work. All the teaching of history in the Museum has been done with a constant endeavor toward breaking the line of the pupil's mental resistance at its weakest point and enlisting his interest without waste of effort. When, for example, a group of boys from a commercial high school came for instruction, "knowing nothing about art except that art objects cost a great deal of money" the instructor, Mrs. Vaughan, met them at that point. "We studied armor and tapestries," she says in a report, "from the utilitarian viewpoint, their commercial importance, the laws and social conditions regulating their manufacture, and, interwoven with the facts, allusions to and comments on the quality and the art value of the examples which we studied."

A very interesting device which has helped to quicken into life the study of history in the Museum is the construction of miniature group models, of which Mr. Dwight Franklin's model of Penshurst, an English hall of the fourteenth century, is a fine example. This beautiful model reproduces the interior of the hall with the figures of the lord and lady and their retainers at table, the dog at their feet, and the furniture and hangings of the period. It is used constantly in connection with history and art. Mrs. Vaughan says: "Are we discussing tapestries? We go to Penshurst to see how tapestries were used in dwellings. If furniture is our subject we note the sideboard and carved seat, the chest and trestle tables, and in every case we feel the life, the vivid absorbed figures grouped about the board and the fire, the splendid aloofness of the

lord and lady and their gay serving page, and the long slim jester interested in the long slim hound. We are reminded of old ballads and of old Froissart, of the Black Prince who feasted in this very hall, and of later days and the fine spirit of Philip Sidney."

The course of story-hours for children given on Saturday mornings and Sunday afternoons have been especially successful in the opinion of the Museum staff in establishing valuable relationship with children, teachers and schools. Miss Anna Curtis Chandler conducts both courses and the telling of the stories is followed by little trips through the galleries to see the objects connected with what has been told, Persian miniatures, tiles and rugs illustrating the Persian story, the Egyptian collections, that of the Egyptian kings and queens; and tapestries depicting the adventures of Bayard the Knight, "without fear and without reproach."

In addition to these more or less indirect methods of bringing art into the mental life of school children there are also the direct methods afforded by the use of the Museum material for copying and for the study of technique. All the principal art schools have given lessons in the presence of the Museum objects and the yearly exhibitions of art schools and art classes indicate how widely the material is studied.

In addition to the aid given to normal students and inquirers the Museum has a department especially designed to help the blind and the deaf toward the enlargement of their restricted horizons and greater possibilities of pleasure and interest in the life from which they are so deplorably shut out.

The most important activity of the museum after that involved in reaching schools of all grades and kinds, is the encouragement of adult designers and craftsmen to use the collections either as sources of suggestion or as material for correcting taste and forming standards. The great and immediate need of this country for every available impetus to the extension and elevation of industrial design places a responsibility upon all institutions capable of giving aid. The Metropolitan Museum offers admirable facilities for study on the part of the designer not only in the richness of its department of decorative arts, but in the attitude of its staff toward the student

whether he is in the pupil class and is trying to improve his opportunities for becoming a designer, or in the class of the manufacturer intelligently seeking to supplement his practical experience and enlarge his aesthetic horizon. Seminars have been established under the direction of Prof. Grace Cornell of Teachers College for buyers and salespeople in shops. This important feature of the Museum's educational work not only will tend to make better salesmen from the commercial point of view, but will tend to increase the interest of the householder in the beauty of furnishings. A trade journal recently has pointed out to its readers the unfortunate results of having salesmen less highly educated in the field of their work than the customer who finds it impossible to carry out her well-founded plans for artistic furnishings because these are not understood at the source of supplies.

Probably nothing would more effectively expedite the cooperation between designer and manufacturer necessary to sound industrial art, than the widening and refining of the point of view of technical men who take pride only in mechanical expertness, and salesmen who have not yet learned to discriminate between a salable article and one worthy to be sold. It will be much easier to teach art students the technique of an industry than to teach art principles and a feeling for art to their coworkers.

The lending collections of the Museum include more than 18,000 lantern slides, several thousand photographs and postcards, two sets of mounted frames of textile samples, duplicate casts, and a group of charts and maps for use in the study of history. These collections are made use of by a very large number of institutions and individuals and are a valuable feature of the educational program.

Even from this meagre outline of the activities of the Metropolitan Museum, a mere skeleton of the finely organized system, it will be seen that the direct effects of the policy pursued are much less important than the far reaching and multitudinous effects that cannot be traced or classified. It is in the subtler influences of the work done at the source that the future will find its account.



ERNESTO DO CANTO AND SOME OF HIS FRIENDS IN HIS STUDIO

ERNESTO DO CANTO

A PORTUGUESE SCULPTOR

BY ISABEL MOORE

THE Portuguese are essentially artistic in temperament. Yet they have produced no artists of superlative ability.

Today, however, a young group of artists—painters, musicians and sculptors—has sheltered in the remote island of St. Michaels of the Azores, one of whom at least may prove to be the notable exception to the rule. They all are native to the Azores; but have all spent much time on the continent in *ante bellum* days for the purposes of study and experience. When the war broke out they flocked back like homing pigeons. And, while willing to serve their country in the great combat, if called, are glad meanwhile to pursue their peaceful and artistic ways uncalled and unmolested.

Preeminent among them is the young sculptor, Ernesto do Canto. He is a grandson of the distinguished Azorean

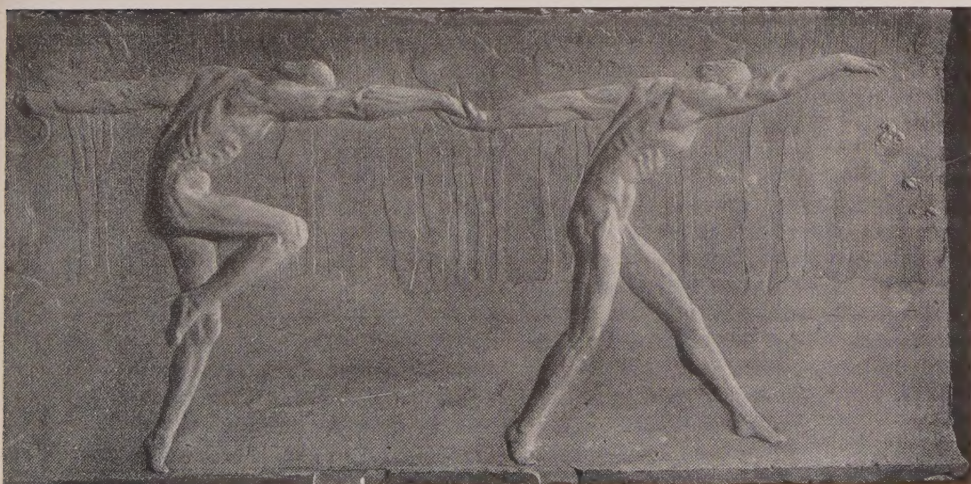
scholar of the same name, whose *Archivo dos Azores* is an authority for the antiquarian, historian and archaeologist of that part of the world. He is an unassuming, good-looking man of 27, and lives in his ancestral home in Ponta Delgada that is known by the name of the House of the Emperor for the reason that Dom Pedro IV made it his headquarters while amassing troops for the Liberal campaign of 1834 between the Liberals and Absolutists.

This young man is wealthy, as wealth goes in the Azores, inheriting riches as well as ability and aristocracy from his celebrated grandfather; and the House of the Emperor in the *rua Ernesto do Canto* has a far wing over an old granary that has been remodeled on the lines of a modern studio, with a fine north light, a fireplace at one end, and containing beautiful



FIGURINES

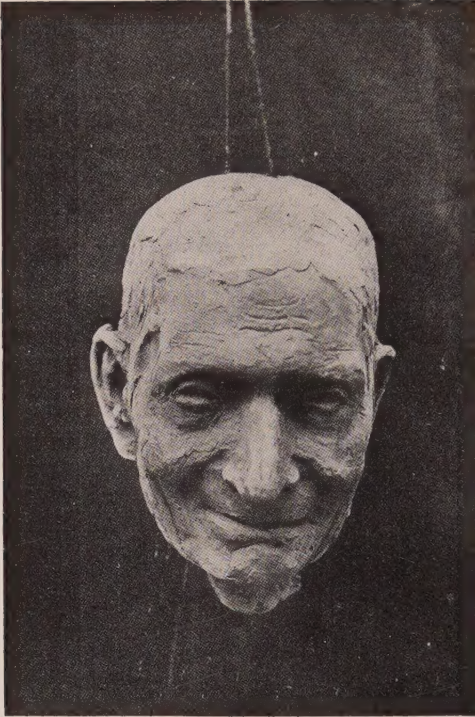
ERNESTO DO CANTO



PANEL

FROM THE PALACE OF THE MARQUISE JACOME, PONTA DELGADA

ERNESTO DO CANTO



PORTRAIT STUDY

ERNESTO DO CANTO

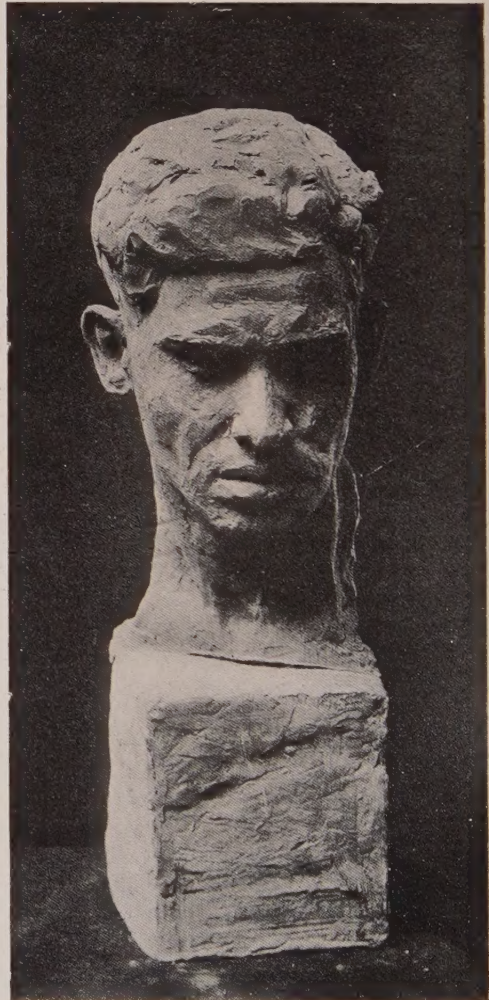
curtains and rare bric-a-brac, for the do Cantos have ever been an art-loving and art-collecting family.

It was to this *atelier* that Sennor Ernesto returned from Switzerland on the outbreak of the present war. And here he works industriously, with the aim of producing sufficient creative results to warrant an exhibition next spring in Lisbon and, possibly, in the United States.

For his gospel is the gospel of work. Beginning his studies at the age of ten in Lisbon, he soon after went to Paris, where he remained until 1913. Later, in Spain, he worked as an ordinary apprentice in a foundry, learning the mechanical part of his art. When the war necessitated his return to Ponta Delgada, he did not let the upheaval of his plans interfere with his main object. Instead, he merely turned the direction of his efforts into other channels, executing a beautiful frieze for the state drawing-room of the palace of the Marquise Jacome, consisting of eight panels, and two gigantic *bas-reliefs*, alle-

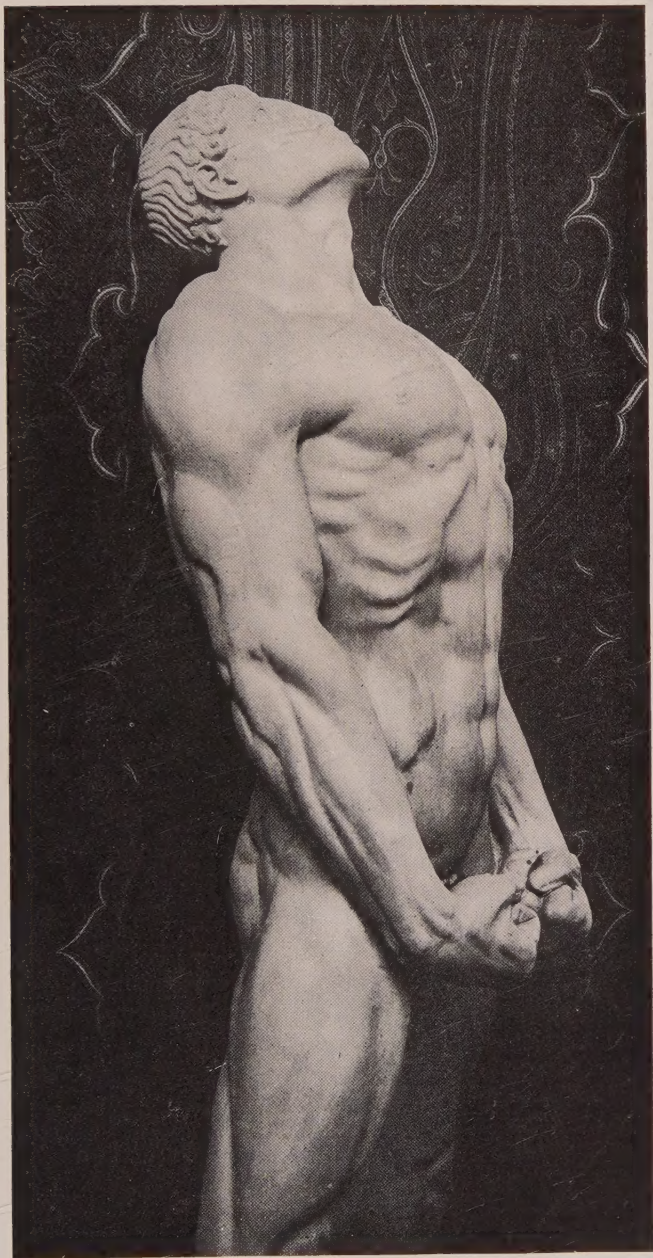
gorical figures of a man and a woman for the façade in the new Coliseum, above the curtain painted by his friend and brother-artist, Domingues Rebello.

"Tristeza" (Sadness) was his first creation to receive recognition. It is the figure of a nude and primitive man, seated and bowed, and was exhibited in Lisbon where it was bought by the Museum of Contemporaneous Art. His portrait busts are many and fine, each expressing the actual likeness of the character and at the same time losing nothing as a creative motive.



PORTRAIT STUDY

ERNESTO DO CANTO



THE COURAGE OF LIFE
BY
ERNESTO DO CANTO

The most ambitious production, as well as the most renowned, of this young Azorean sculptor is the statue which he has named "The Courage of Life." It was executed and exhibited in Madrid, where it received much favorable comment. And, indeed, the perfection of its technique, as well as the strength of its conception—the knotted muscles and clenched fists for the actual combat, and the uplifted, be-

seeing and spiritualized face with its far-seeing eyes—exhibits great artistic and great idealistic ability on the part of its creator.

If Ernesto do Canto continues as he has begun, and if the rapacious jaws of war do not claim him, certainly he will eventually win high recognition not only in his own country, but also in the world of universal art.

THE TRAINING OF DESIGNERS*

BY WALTER SARGENT

Director School of Education, Department of Fine and Industrial Art,
University of Chicago

AT this time when profound changes are pending, a discussion of the training of designers is more than appropriate. It is urgent. In a new social order which puts forth a threat and a promise that it will have whatever is essential to the deeper human satisfactions, design will play an important part, because it is not a luxury but is based on an inherent need; an elemental insistence that all constructed objects shall not only serve practical purposes, but possess also some beauty or distinction, a hint or symbol of something which is one step at least beyond utility.

Whether this public demand is trained or left in ignorance, it is still equally positive in its influences and consequences. If aesthetic instincts are not directed they seek satisfaction in mere sensation, usually in the stimulus of novelty. For a typical instance, a few years ago, just before the fine old styles of furniture were revived in this country, a furniture manufacturers' publication complained that because we had no comparatively stable aesthetic standards which we could modify and refine from year to year, we had to compensate by producing each season something entirely novel in order to meet an untrained but insistent popular demand. This necessitated so complete a change of machinery adjustments and stock every six months, that the cost of the output was increased

about one-third. Thus even on the score of industrial economy, untrained taste is expensive.

The situation regarding industrial design in the United States is improving, but so far as we can estimate from available statistics, we shall need after the war about fifty thousand more industrial designers than are now available or in training, and probably few can be imported. Each country will need its own. It is likely also that we shall have to depend upon ourselves more than in the past, not only for designers but also for styles of design. It will not be sufficient to copy even skillfully, foreign designs. If we are to compete successfully we must cultivate originality.

Of course, we cannot create originality where it does not exist. It is a matter of individuality. Nevertheless methods of training have an important influence upon its development.

Originality shows itself in two ways. One is in the ability to create new motives and patterns. The other, no less important but often neglected, is the ability to give unconsciously and without any loss of fine quality to whatever pattern one produces, the stamp of his individuality, so that whether the design be new or old, by passing through his hands it becomes instinct with his personality.

In this paper I want to bring forward two considerations relating to the develop-

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ment of both of these aspects of originality in our students of design. These considerations are not new but are so fundamental that it is important for us to keep them in mind in the present emergency.

The first is that new patterns which are at the same time fine in quality are seldom invented outright. They are an evolution. The type of originality which produces them is exceedingly complex in its workings. A student seldom finds it if he seeks it directly for its own sake. It does not come by consciously avoiding imitation. In fact, paradoxical though it may seem, a certain amount of imitation appears to be essential to the development of originality. For example, we know that the individuality of a child grows as he imitates, and his personality is thus enlarged to include elements of other personalities.

In the case of the designer, whether imitation shall be the blind alley of literal copying or a spirit developing assimilation, appears to depend mainly upon the degree of his innate capacity for originality.

History shows us one style merging into another so that we can trace the steps by which elements of design are gradually and probably unconsciously modified as they pass successively through the hands of the designers and craftsmen of Egypt and Ægean lands in the west, and of early Babylon, Assyria, and Chaldea, in the east. to Greece and Rome, and then in turn evolve into other styles quite different from these in spirit; the Romanesque, Byzantine, and Gothic. One nation has naively copied another. Its own style has resulted not so much from arbitrary contrivance of new patterns as from the attempt by people of a different philosophy to repeat old patterns in new materials and under changed conditions. Our present venture into originality in textile patterns by utilizing Aztec and Peruvian motives is an example of sensible procedure.

The bearing of these historical facts upon methods of developing in our American students this highly prized quality of originality is direct. Individuality is not checked by familiarity with the work of others. On the contrary what originality one has is positively stimulated by contact with the originality of others. The history of design gives us abundant examples of how

to escape not only servile imitation but an equally servile avoidance of imitation.

A second consideration bearing on the training of originality is the recognition that one vital factor in all decorative development is the repetition of well understood processes and patterns. In any human activity which calls for much repetition, the processes tend thereby to become not only automatic but rhythmic. Indeed until processes have become more or less automatic they are seldom artistic. Whether these repetitions are monotonous in character or full of individual expression, depends again not wholly on the nature of the processes but in large part on the inherent capabilities of the person. By observing whether habitual motions become merely mechanical or grow interesting in their revelation of personality, one is able to discover who is the artist among restaurant waiters, carpenters, skaters, dancers, and so on. Reiterated processes soon begin to display personality, pleasing or otherwise. Idioms of style appear embodied in and set forth by the necessary tool marks. These become instinct with expression of genuine originality.

Handwriting is a familiar illustration of the way in which by repetition, individuality creeps into the formation of letters for which all had at first the same copy, and were probably urged not to original interpretations but to adherence to copy. In time our handwriting made up wholly of a few symbols which everyone uses becomes so peculiarly our own that it is our identification even in a foreign land. It is doubtful if individuality could be so completely expressed in a set of symbols which each person invented for himself.

The beginner in wood or stone carving or metal beating finds his tool marks at first crude. He is tempted to cover them up, but with repetition, if one has in him possibilities for his art, these marks of the tool become rhythmic; become fascinating surface textures, indispensable elements of style. The embroiderer, the metal beater, the wood carver, the painter with his brush, each attains style only as by repetition the motions of his hand gain something of rhythm.

Nearly all good decorative art is based on motives from one or the other of two

sources; from hints offered by the structure and processes of making or upon symbolic suggestions; that is upon something significant of the function of the object or the individuality of its owner or maker.

In the first of these, repetition, through recurring experiments in adjustment of structural parts, brings a gradual refinement of form. The evolution of styles of architecture, furniture and pottery illustrate this cumulative effect of repeated experiments.

The other source of decorative material, namely symbolic suggestions, significant of the object or its maker or owner, is particularly full of human interest. It usually involves the conventionalization or adaptation of natural or pictorial forms, and I wish to speak of the training of originality in making these adaptations.

Historically we find that symbols which later became decorative units were at first often pictorial or hieroglyphic in character, and that their earliest use was not for artistic reasons, but on account of their meaning as distinctive labels. By the process of repetition however, they gained a decorative character. If any symbol or pictograph was of sufficient significance to insure its reiteration for any length of time by a large number of craftsmen, it inevitably became an artistic decoration usually highly abstract in form, however pictorial it may have been at the beginning.

A student of design may conventionalize natural forms by some more or less arbitrary method, but if he will try the experiment of merely repeating a form with no other changes than those which repetition in a given medium produces, he will soon discover that a sort of conventionalization is developing which is both individual and abstract. The characteristic hand movements of the individual together with the tools and the material, will produce a consistent modification. The degree of abstraction arrived at will be in marked proportion to the number and speed of the repetitions.

An interesting experiment along this line may be tried with students of design, by letting each make a careful pictorial study of the same natural form, for example a bird, and having mastered it so that it can be drawn fairly well from memory, repeat

it rapidly. Soon superfluous lines are omitted. Those which remain as essentials are drawn in an established order, and each line develops a definite character. In a short time one can recognize each student's work by the individual style of the drawing. Occasional reference to the original object enables the student to modify certain lines so as to give his production more of the essential spirit of the form. Rendering with different implements, pencil, pen, brush or carving tool, adds the idiom of the particular medium. Contemplation of results suggests finer consistencies and interrelations of line and mass.

Our American design has been so largely borrowed from other nations that we have lacked to a peculiar degree that element of symbolism which pervades the decorative art of older nations. These nations also borrowed but less widely and their greater compactness led them to assimilate sooner and more completely than is possible for a nation so cosmopolitan as ours.

Perhaps on account of the extremely heterogeneous character of our design we have been particularly susceptible to pleas for training in pure design, and the laws of abstract arrangement, as a solution of our problem.

Training in this field is of great importance, and insistence on the fact that lines, and shapes, and tones of dark and light and of color, have a function in design besides that of description, that they have a dramatic potency of their own, a direct emotion-compelling power, has been an important contribution to our study of decorative art. Nevertheless my observation of students leads me to feel that one understands better the abstract aesthetic elements which enter into style, if he has had also the experience of starting from a concrete theme with pictorial elements and by the conventionalizing influence of repetition, together with the modifying effects of materials, has evolved highly abstract forms.

As a writer said a half century ago regarding American poetry, we need not meters alone but meter-compelling themes. The significance of a theme gives a character and style of its own to the form of expression in which it is embodied. It lends dynamic interest to experimentation in the aesthetic

relations of forms and spaces. The most purely aesthetic response to abstract form probably derives its vitality more or less directly from specific experiences with concrete things. The particular things may have been forgotten but the emotion if rightly understood would probably prove to be composite rather than abstract.

At this point, when one's personality begins to impress itself upon lines and patterns, comparison with excellent examples of design brings suggestions of modifications which are not merely details to copy, but revelations that here and there, in one or another design, some other worker has carried farther, that particular sort of style which the student is discovering to be his own.

When students make designs which call for patterns with a high degree of personal or institutional significance, this historical or genetic procedure in conventionalizing and composing forms accumulates interest at each step. The thing has a living principle of organization and from the first experimental sketches to the last refinements is continually assimilating material out of unexpected sources. It presents all the possibilities of experimentation with abstract space arrangements that exercises in pure design offer, plus significance. Meaning, in a design, governs form and offers continual inspirations regarding the nature of the line, balance, and tone qualities which shall express that particular purport.

If the highest form of decoration were,

what I do not believe it to be, abstract pattern devoid of any personal or symbolic content, a specific theme to begin with, appears in the end to produce the richest and best organized pattern even from a formal point of view. I have watched with much interest the kind of progress in formal pattern which comes when students embody in designs for embroidery, lace, rugs, tiles, etc., certain specific personal experiences. Often crudely pictorial at first, the forms soon come within the spell of decorative organization. It is the theme which imposes angularity or flowing curvature of line, a massive or an intricate pattern, softness of tone or vigor of contrast. Even if it proceeds to farthest abstraction where only the designer knows the concrete motive, this theme still gives a coherence stronger than that of purely formal consistency. Furthermore the demands of the subject and those of pattern appear never to conflict.

In developing originality which has any qualities of excellence and distinction, the two factors we have been considering are important: first, free contact with the originality of others by which means one's own originality is best stimulated, and secondly, a patient evolution of given designs, an evolution in the course of which structural features and decorative motives are worked over until repeated experiment and consummate craftsmanship have imparted to tool marks and to symbols that magic of rhythm of line and pattern which translates into the field of art all that it touches.

The war has undoubtedly brought many into contact with the hard facts of life in a manner which they had never previously experienced; it seems clear that much that was shallow and flippant in pre-war days must give way to a sterner and grander vision, and in architecture as well as in the arts of sculpture, painting, literature and the theater we may surely look forward with confidence to a period of great achievement as a result of this finer and nobler outlook. If, however, our art is to come into its own in the years which are yet to be, it will largely be as a result of our taking the right step during the plastic period which is coming, if indeed it is not already with us.

W. S. BURCHON, M.A.

(From the Journal of the Royal Institute of British Architects.)



STONE PINES IN THE VILLA BORGHESE, ROME,
ITALIAN VILLA GARDENS



CARIATIDI, VILLA FARNESE, ROME,
ITALIAN VILLA GARDENS



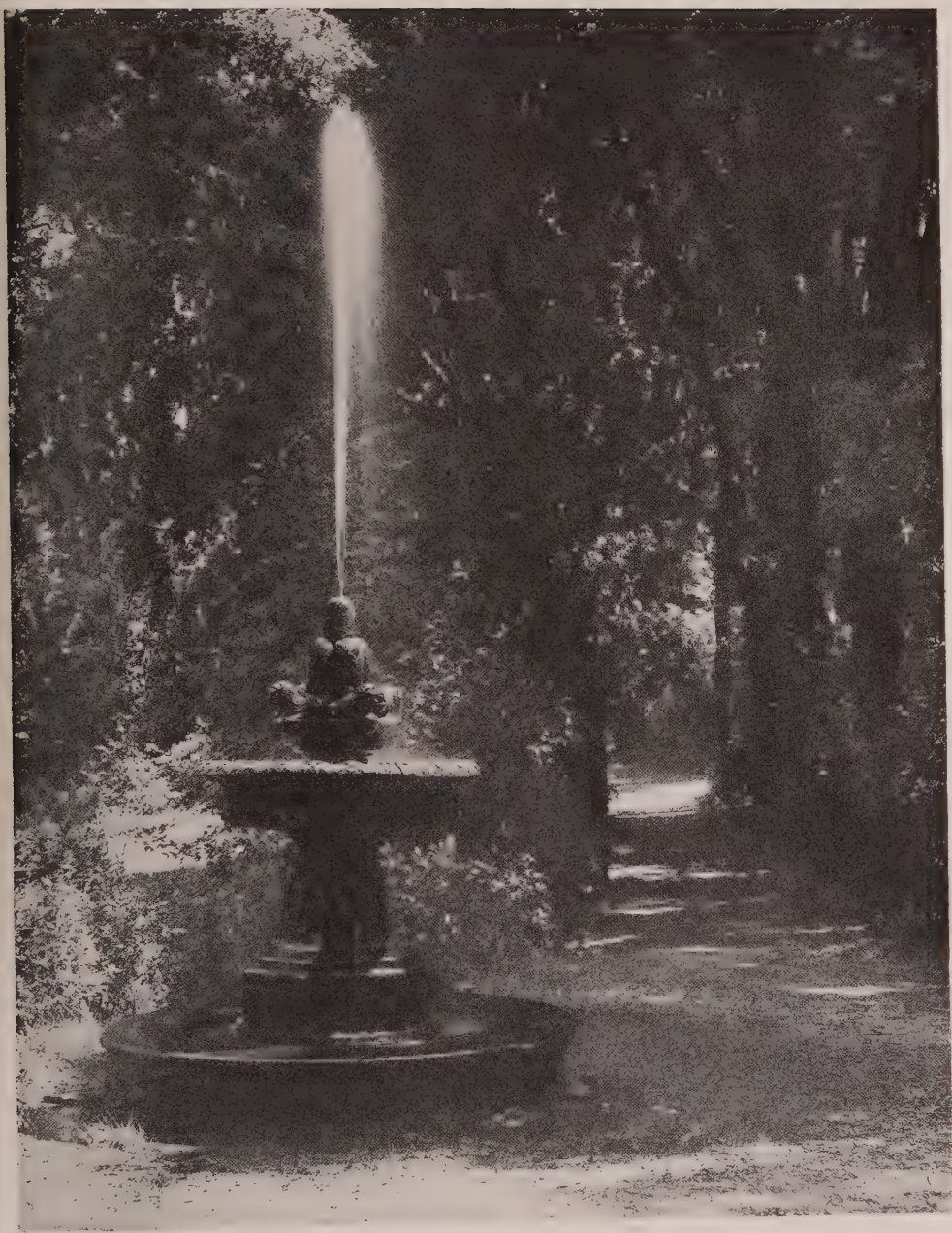
STAIRCASE AND FOUNTAIN, VILLA ALDOBRANDINI, FRASCATI.
ITALIAN VILLA GARDENS



STONE PINES AND BALCONY, VILLA MEDICI, ROME,
ITALIAN VILLA GARDENS



FOUNTAIN AND WALK, VILLA TORLONIA—FRASCATI,
ITALIAN VILLA GARDENS



FOUNTAIN, VILLA LANTE,
ITALIAN VILLA GARDENS



NEAR FRDERICKSBURG

HERMAN LUNGKWITZ

TWO PIONEER ARTISTS IN TEXAS

BY SAMUEL E. GIDEON

Secretary of The Texas Fine Arts Association

TEXAS is a land of vastness, variety and startling surprises. The State is undiscovered even by its own people. Here have I been for over four years, and I was a frequent visitor to the State before—yet until a few months ago, I had never heard of the existence of a quaint little town less than 100 miles away.

As Secretary of the Texas Fine Arts Association, I was called upon by a member of a reading club to name the early artists of Texas. I could have named many Texas heroes, past and present, but for the life of me, I had not even heard of an early painter. Texas is not very old, even now, you know. Upon inquiry, I was told of an old German settler who had painted here and there—a photographer by trade—a man by the name of Lungkwitz “who really,” my informant said, “never did anything startling,” but when he produced some of the German’s sketches, I decided then and there to learn more about this unknown genius. I gave what meagre in-

formation I had gathered to the woman of the club who desired it, and probably, because I saw no more of the old man’s pictures, I let the matter rest.

This past summer in my rambles over one of the unfrequented parts of the State, and, by the way, there are many, I visited the little town previously mentioned—“Fredericksburg” by name—a little German town about 100 miles from San Antonio and an equal distance from Austin, which is my present home. It is a town of 3,500 inhabitants, and until three years ago, it had no communication with the outside world except by coach or truck over very rough roads, and not many years ago was the travel other than behind a team of oxen. The town is still provincial, notwithstanding the advent of the railroad. German is entirely spoken; but on demand, English can be spoken. The houses of stone and half-timber construction were built by political refugees from Germany, who, in 1846, founded the town of Fredericksburg

where German traditions have been preserved ever since.

My hostlery was a quaint old structure built in the form of a ship and its keepers were no less hospitable than they were interesting. I was looking at an old engraving of the town on the walls of the lobby, which seemed to please the landlady, whereupon she informed me that the original was done by her uncle. I looked for the signature and spelled out the name L-U-N-G-K-W-I-T-Z and then I remembered the pictures I had seen two years before. My interest was apparent and I was promised that some day I might be shown some of his oil paintings in the parlor.

I became more and more one of the household and finally I was ushered into the Sanctum—sanctorum where I found the promised treat. It was indeed a treat. Three of the pictures were scenes near Fredericksburg—they were sketchy, but beautifully done, and their composition and color were wonderfully true, I could judge because I knew the spots. The fourth picture was a larger one, done in a more finished style and of a scene I also knew near Austin. The work showed the man to be a faithful student and lover of nature, and a careful draughtsman with a wonderful sense of color and the gift to select simple but beautiful compositions. His Fredericksburg pictures showed that he had caught the spirit of the country, the intense blue of the Texas sky and the peaceful character of the bowl shaped valley hemmed in all around by queer shaped, flat topped hills. He put all the majesty into the twisted and gnarled live-oak trees, and caught the color of the out-cropping granite and sandstone boulders.

In my travels about the country, places, here and there, were pointed out to me as the artist's haunts. The country was, and is, full of romance—here under the oak was a buried Spanish treasure located by a tract now guarded in a Cathedral in Mexico; at the foot of the granite mountain are the remains of a picturesque old Indian grave and all round were peaceful Indians who had not yet been made hostile by the frontier soldiers. He seemed never to tire of painting "The Enchanted Rock," a huge pink granite boulder which rises in a mass far above the plain.

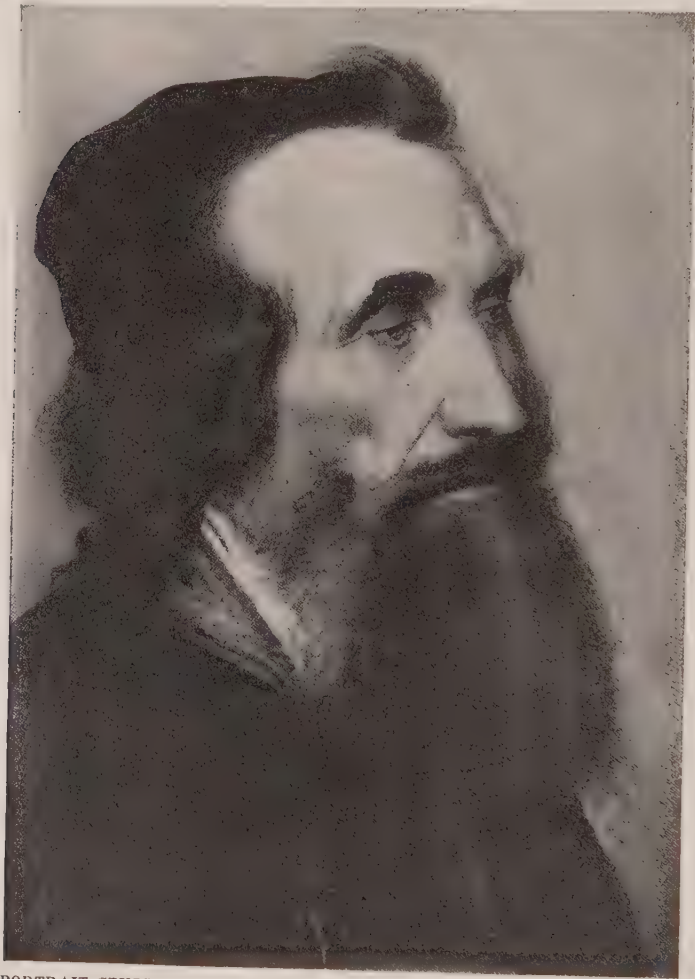
Herman Lungkwitz a peace loving, timid, retiring man was born in Halle, Germany, March 14, 1819, while that city was being bombarded by Napoleon. He studied and painted a little in Halle, which was a most picturesque town, and on the death of his father fell heir to some means which enabled him to go to Dresden to study art. Ludwig Richter, a man of much ability and perseverance being his teacher. Richter illustrated books and sketches; those he made that did not suit his fancy, he threw away. These were instantly snatched up by his students. There are many of such sketches in the Lungkwitz portfolios. Lungkwitz went through the usual training—so much work in the studio from cast, a season at architectural subjects and a certain period for travel, sketching from nature. He painted much in the Tyrolean Alps. He fought shoulder to shoulder with Richard Wagner, whom he disliked very much, and fled to America, a political refugee. Before coming over he married, and with his wife, a delicate woman, his own brother and wife, and his wife's brother, of whom I shall say a great deal later, landed in Hoboken in 1850. His wife's health did not permit them to remain long in the North, and as they had heard much and read much of Texas, through the literature spread broadcast in Germany by the "Adelsverein," a German Immigration Society, organized for the purpose of colonization on a large scale in Texas, they decided to go to Texas and settled on a farm about six miles from Fredericksburg.

In Germany they had all been used to lives of comparative ease—they did not even bake their own bread and they, therefore, found the pioneer life one full of hardships. The first task for the women was to learn to milk, while the men had to learn to handle the heavy ploughs to which they never became accustomed. They had to walk over impossible roads, or ride to town for supplies, or to church, behind a team of oxen.

Lungkwitz soon realized that Texas was no field for a painter in which to make a living. He turned to photography which he could do very well; but painted whenever an opportunity presented itself. He had a beautiful disposition, never down on his luck, and painted purely for the love of

it. His home life was ideal—there was absolute harmony, and his wife both inspired and encouraged him in the work he most loved, when it was difficult at even photography to make a living. He was always an indefatigable worker, first making

missioned to paint a picture, the subject which did not attract him, this he called "day labor,"—for that matter most of his pictures must have been day labor because of the low price at which they were sold. He was urged by some of his relatives



PORTRAIT STUDY

RICHARD PETRI

a very careful pencil sketch of his subject, then another study in oil on cardboard and finally the finished picture, sometimes on canvas, but usually on cardboard. Each process was admirable, and even though the pictures did not often sell there was the same enthusiasm and painstaking on the next picture. Sometimes he was com-

to make small pictures which might "take" with the public, but his answer to this was that he could not, that he loved his art too much to popularize or commercialize it. He was persuaded at one unfortunate time to "raffle" some of his pictures and parted with one large and several small pictures. He loved all his pictures but he particularly

loved the large one sent to the raffle, which he thought would go first. He did not attend the raffle. All of the pictures were disposed of except the large one, and he was so chagrined when it was returned that he refused to allow the picture to come into the house again, and gave it to the auctioneer.

An example of his commercial work was a group of scenes in one large picture illustrating the advantages of a health resort at Sisterdale, a pioneer German settlement in Texas. This work shows the same care in preparation. Individual pencil sketches were first made as studies, and these, by far, excel the finished engraving which was done in New York.

After the Civil War Lungkwitz moved to San Antonio where he practiced photography for a period of 20 years, during which time he did no painting. At last he took it up again with all the more enthusiasm, and painted until his death, which occurred in Austin, from an attack of pneumonia, in 1891.

His pictures are distributed largely among his relatives—most of them being given by him for wedding presents or on some particular occasion. Some were bought, but at ridiculously low prices; one was given to a German wine merchant as a wedding present and this made the nucleus about which the merchant made a larger collection of the artist's work. They now hang in the gallery of the merchant's villa near Leipzig. There are about a dozen of Lungkwitz's pictures in Fredericksburg, the same number in San Antonio, some in Galveston, some sold in Chicago, and it is reported that recently one sold at a very high figure in New York. His two daughters who live in Austin have in their possession the bulk of his collections. They are women of charming personalities and treasure all that the old man held dear. His sketch albums are full of tracings and pencil sketches and studies in oil and water color for his finished pictures. These have all been religiously saved. An album given him by his artist friends in Dresden, when he left for America is full of small masterpieces in the way of autograph sketches in all media—portraits, landscapes, religious panels, and still life compositions.

While he discouraged his children and his grandchildren in following the profession, he did not refuse to instruct any of them who wished to learn to draw, but the talent seemed to stop with him. This seems strange since a great uncle was a painter of ability, the artist's father had ability and on the artist's wife's side both her brother and her cousin were artists of remarkable skill.

And now I have come to the second character of my sketch, Richard Petrie, a brother of Frau Lungkwitz who came with the group from Germany. Lungkwitz and Petrie were great friends working together whenever possible and in commercial work the latter did the figures while the former did the landscape. Lungkwitz was purely a landscape painter—Petrie was more versatile but he excelled in the human face and figure. His portraits are brilliant, his delineation is superb and his compositions of religious subjects are charming in line and color. His settings for his compositions are equally interesting. His academic training shows in his character studies of an old man as Shylock, a beautiful young woman as the Madonna and a very beautiful little colored drawing of his sister Frau Lungkwitz with an infant posed as Madonna and child. His collection contains many tracings and colored sketches of sacred subjects done for churches while he was in Germany and those done in America and sent back. He made many sketches of the children in the family, and grown-ups as well, in pencil and then colored the drawing. He painted miniatures of religious subjects and portraits to be worn in brooches and lockets and one very interesting medallion is of himself—a very strong face, but unusual. The Indians came frequently to the Fredericksburg farm. They had not yet become hostile and their dress and habits were still unaffected by their later white conquerors. The Indians had the greatest friendship for the Germans. Petrie gloried in these picturesque tribesmen. He made portrait studies of the brave and his squaw, but the Indians he painted are not the savage-hardened type we see pictured now. His wonderful drawing shows the character, the locks of straight black hair, the wonderful head dress, the ornaments, the

texture of the self-dyed garbs, the dances, the every-day life—all so accurate and beautiful that the Smithsonian Institute or some similar institution would call itself fortunate to possess them, even setting aside their artistic merit. They are indeed excellent studies of the life of the American Indian.

I recently visited a ranch near Fredericksburg where there is a collection of curios found about the place. Among many interesting things was a large, thin, concave bone about six inches in diameter. Scientists had examined the bone and could not tell from what kind of an animal it came. They were sure, however, that it was worn by an Indian, perhaps on the shoulder and thongs or tassels hung from the holes near the edge. The bone was notched almost entirely around the edge, an index, very likely, to the number of scalps taken. One of Petrie's Indian portraits in water color clearly told me the nature of this bone. The Indian wore a necklace of bones and beads across the chest and from the bottom strand hung a large bone with teeth or tusks suspended from holes near the edge.

In the Lungkwitz portfolios are many sketches by Petrie who worked in a similar manner to Lungkwitz, but the nature of the subjects were different. One charming study pleased and pained me much. It was a study in oil on cardboard of a French soldier. This was not unlike a Meissonier,

but the cardboard had broken and some of the parts were missing. An interesting piece of work in the collection is a bit of paper used as a sampler on which the artist tried some of his self-manufactured pigments. A bit of landscape hardly an inch long, a branch of a tree, some bead embroidery of an Indian's robe or some folds of his brilliant red blanket—not in any order, but here and there in all confusion yet making a pleasing harmony of colors. This is one of the few pieces of sketchwork which has been framed.

Unfortunately most of the Lungkwitz and Petrie studies are on tracing paper, sketch paper and cardboard and they are very much damaged through creasing, folding, and breaking, and many of the oil portraits and large panel pictures are cracking. There are many pictures of both artists owned by each member of Lungkwitz's large family and to preserve the work as it should be preserved would involve considerable expense. It is a wonder, however, that so many of these are preserved since none of the children or grandchildren inherit the talents of their forefathers, but the love and reverence that these artists held for their work is not lost with the children whose only regret is that their loved ones failed to receive the recognition their labors merited.

Petrie never married. He died on the Fredericksburg farm at the early age of thirty-six.

JOSEPH PENNELL'S NEW WAR WORKS LITHOGRAPHS

MR. JOSEPH PENNELL has been authorized to make a new series of lithographs showing the food and fuel industries of the country. He is also continuing his drawings of the ship building, ordnance works and munition works and has visited, by permission of the Government, the various centers where these activities are being carried on.

The first series, made last year, was shown widely throughout the country and received not only the approval of the public, but the approbation of President Wilson and Secretaries Daniels and Baker

who have written Mr. Pennell as follows: "They are remarkably interesting and remarkably fine.

"Cordially and sincerely yours,
"WOODROW WILSON."

"I have seen enough of the subjects with which . . . the lithographs deal to bear witness to the extraordinary vivid presentation which they make of some of the most important of our national activities of the present time.

"NEWTON BAKER."

"I wish to express to you my appreciation of how perfectly you have conceived



OIL REFINING (FUEL)

JOSEPH PENNELL

and executed war work in the making of great guns and ship construction.

"JOSEPHUS DANIELS."

Mr. Pennell's idea in making these lithographs is to show the picturesqueness of work, and as at present most of the work, the great work of the world, is being done in Governments, Mr. Pennell has had a wonderful chance of recording these great activities, showing pictorially the might, the majesty and the picturesque aspect of the work in which the whole country is engaged.

He has also been appointed Associate Chairman of the Pictorial Division of the Committee on Public Information and is therefore in touch with many of the National activities, especially those relating to art.

One of the third Liberty Loan posters was by Mr. Pennell.

In connection with this war work exhibition Mr. Pennell has prepared an illustrated lecture on "The Wonder of Work

in War-time" which he has given in many parts of the country before various institutions and societies, including the Universities of Harvard and of Pennsylvania, the American Institute of Architects, the Museums of Boston, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Chicago, Indianapolis, Cleveland, etc., and before art and literary clubs in New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco and other cities.

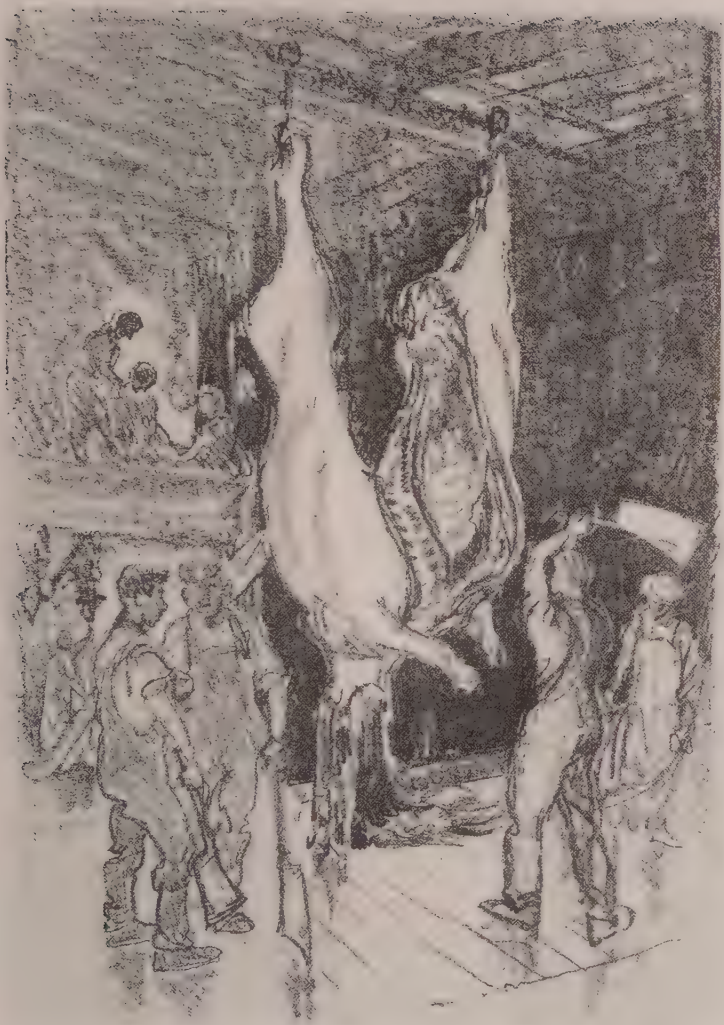
The new series of lithographs, which has the endorsement of both Mr. Hoover and Dr. Garfield, as well as the Shipping Board, the Emergency Fleet Corporation, the War and Navy Departments and the Committee on Public Information, will comprise 50 prints approximately the same size as those in the previous series. They will be circulated exclusively under the auspices of the American Federation of Arts. For terms and dates application should be made some time in advance to the Secretary of the American Federation of Arts, 1741 New York Avenue, Washington, D. C.



SHEEP PENS (Food)

NEW WAR WORK LITHOGRAPHS BY

JOSEPH PENNELL



THE BUTCHER (Food)

NEW WAR WORK LITHOGRAPH BY

JOSEPH PENNELL

THE HOLIDAYS OF ART

BY LAURA L. SCALES

IT would have seemed strange a few years ago to link together play and an art museum; but since then much light has streamed through art museums and play needs only a little sunshine to make it take root. For Play is a hardy flower. It springs up in the most unexpected places. Give it a little space and freedom and it thrives and spreads. Even the city cannot choke it; for lacking the natural playground of farm and barn yard it takes to streets and vacant lots, and lacking the lure and mystery of meadow and woods it takes to movies and museums.

For though an art museum has many patrons—the generous rich, the wise critic, the hard-working student, the eager woman, the big, aimless public—it has now too its children. Within the past few years it has been beckoning to them with a smile of welcome, and the children have caught the welcome and have come. They come through the week from their schools to learn to visualize their history, to illustrate their geography lessons and to discover at first hand, form, line and color. But they come too in vacation times and on Saturday afternoons, and we receive them gladly, and since these are play-hours, we play. For Art on a holiday afternoon is not art for art's sake, or art for education's sake, but art for a good time's sake. The purist looks at our little company with a pained or cynical smile and questions, What in the name of right thinking has this to do with Art? But Art, which in its day has served religion and athletics, humdrum utility and every vanity, does not necessarily find this new companion a too incongruous associate; and as for Play it in its open-hearted, open-minded way is in the habit of making the most of every chance. So the two go hand in hand into the art museum seeking what they may find each in the other.

On Saturday afternoons, the children come in groups of twos and threes, and push through the doors of the biggest, the most austere building of their city. Some of the little ones push in, timid and questioning; some of the bolder ones thrust themselves

defiantly into this holy of holies of Browism to see what they will see. There waiting for them is not a three-headed Cerberus but an obliging doorkeeper who clicks a turn-stile for them, and they go inside. They catch their breath: a grand marble stairway rises in front of them flanked by tall columns and leading to new spaces. "Gee, it's just like a palace," one of the boys exclaims. The leaves of the wonder-book are beginning to unfold before their eyes.

They climb the stairs, gazing up into the high dome above them, and then at their feet comes the puzzle: which way shall they turn? For there are spread before their eyes, Egypt, Greece, China, Japan, Europe, America, Asia—all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time. That is an instant for the *genius loci* or "dozent" to spring miraculously into being. "Say, that fellow'd get lost if he didn't have some one like you round, wouldn't he?" one of the boys concedes with a shake of his head. "Some building, this!" And later on after many wanderings through devious rooms into unknown places rich in story, it comes over one of them again. "Some building, I say, why ain't this a pretty good labyrinth like the one you was tellin' us about?" But it is not so much the maze of it that strikes others to thinking, as the great spaces, the echoing floors, the lofty walls and a world of people have of talking low and going soft. "Is it a church?" a tiny girl comes whispering. Meanwhile, the practical mind of the ten-year old housekeeper has noticed other things. "My, ain't it clean," she says. "They must have to dust a lot. And these things so old, so old and so fresh. Who cleaned 'em up?" So looking, walking, until one thing impresses everybody the size of the place. How long would they take, they conjecture, to walk all over the building—just to walk not stopping ready to look at anything? "Hours and hours wouldn't it be?" Some size to the museum indeed! And being good Americans, they are thrilled with pride at the thought.

By the test of experience it is soon proved

true that even in an afternoon, you could not comfortably cover the building, especially if you have walked long, brick-paved streets to get here. For we frequenters of a Saturday afternoon do not revel in easy car fares, but have to pay for our thrills with the ache of our feet. So we sink gratefully upon a bench and begin to reflect on what we have seen and what an art museum is. "Who owns all this?" "Not the city?" "Why then do those men do it? Why do they let their things stay here?" "Did the lady who sent the diamond watch owe the Museum something?" "Well, if they do it for us to see them, why doesn't somebody come and steal them?" "Where did they get them from, and where did they get the money?" "I bet it all cost a lot." The cost rests heavily upon our minds, and often induces serious flights of fancy. "I bet you," says one ragged little chap with a carefully conscientious air, "I bet you everything in this room cost \$100." His innocence, of course, is quickly crushed by the more sophisticated who leap lightly over paltry hundreds on to the roomy millions. But cost aside, it is evident that the museum is a tremendous treasure-house, and full of all sorts of possibilities for entertainment.

Sometimes we play games. There is the game, invented by the three little girls, of impersonating artists. "I am Murillo," said the spokesman, "and she is Van Dyck and the other one, Titian. You see, I chose Murillo because he isn't stiff but so pretty." There is the game of drawing—making little pencil sketches of simple things done in the childhood of the world—to find out whose eyes see most and truest, even if fingers cannot copy well. There is the game of twenty questions for sharp eyes. We place ourselves before a tapestry, an all but inexhaustible field of quest. Who can find this? Who can tell the story? How do you know which is the chief man? Why do you like to look at it? What colors do you see? Who can see one thing more and more and more? And it takes a long while before the unlucky loser has to admit that he cannot find one flower or tree or child or tool or bird more in all the wealth of incident in a tapestry.

There are also, of course, the mummies. Here excitement overtakes us, for the

natural possibilities for thrill in a mummy have been quickened by the familiar romances of the "movies." We gaze expectantly. "What's in there?" the inevitable question begins the game, though this is really but a formality meant to start delightful shivers up the spine. "Are they real people?" And then the girls squeal, and the boys jump in mock horror. And if we question the definition of "real people," the answer is ready, "Well, if they were real people once, why aren't they now?" The tranquil beings on mediaeval tombs—the knight in his armor or the lady with hands quietly folded upon her breast—raise the same question; and every carved chest or gaily painted *cassone* is *prima facie* a coffin. A fierce-faced, six-handed Japanese guardian of heaven serves his turn: "That," declares a little girl with hushed breath, "that is just the way I always thought the devil looked."

For having the horrors is a play of peculiar fascination, and a generation of little, movie-fed know-it-alls does not mean to be balked of its game. No matter-of-fact bit of stone-carving or every-day linen chest for them: give them by all means the gruesome, or if not that, at least a sweetly pensive melancholy. There is one painting of an interior with a girl bent above her book, charming in its serenity and soft color harmonies. It is a favorite with copyists and consequently with our little group. We stand in rapt attention behind the artist at work. "Why does the man like to copy this picture?" we ask, and the question is food for thought. Then a bright little girl has it; and in languishing tones she makes answer, "Oh, because it is so bad." It is a delightful discovery that makes her sigh with satisfaction. Yet as she looks closer, she becomes aware that a lovely spot of color is really a basket of fruit. Nature and a healthy appetite come into their own; suffering has its alleviations. "Oh look," she cries, "anyway she's got bananas."

We are most of us by necessity practical, and in the realms of art, our point of view still reflects our daily world. "Gee," says a big boy, looking up and down one of the long galleries of paintings, "Gee, but it took a lot of paint to paint all these!" And a bit of a girl is quite worried lest the

woman she sees copying should grow very tired if she has already painted all the pictures in the room. That there are three fairly safe standards of judgment in an art museum, it is generally agreed: First, is it made by hand? Second, is it very old? Third, is it "real"—that is, natural? These are the tests of merit, constantly applied. "Is it made by hand?" the girl asks about an ancient Egyptian garment; "Is it all handwork?" says the boy before a bust by Rodin, lest they take any risk of being entrapped into admiring inferior stuff. And the value of the museum is vastly enhanced, since it seems that even the tallest modern painting and the tiniest Greek gem are done by hand. Similarly, if a thing is merely old enough, its value is undoubted and any little eccentricity can be allowed for. We look at a rarely modeled but badly broken fragment of Greek sculpture, and question. Why should the museum keep that? Of course, because it is old. The answer is easy until there comes the thought that so may tin cans be old, yet the Museum would not want them; then with the happy recollection that distance lends enchantment, a girl suggests, "Because it came from so far away." But one bold spirit rises to the conclusion, "Because it is so beautiful!" and suddenly the idea appeals to everybody.

Our highest praise is, however, usually expressed in terms of truth to nature, for as art critics we belong to the realistic school. Is it just like something that we have seen? "Look, ain't it real? It seems as if they'd come walking right at you,"—there is praise for a true work of art. "It's so natural, I've seen 'em like that," says the girl; and another little slip of a thing almost purrs as she reaches out her hand to some painted Japanese deer, "It seems as if you could feel and handle them, they look so real."

Yet, once in a while, there are those among us as among other bodies of art critics whose feeling searches beneath the customary and conventional. A thoughtful boy stands before a painting of a mother and child, a modern madonna, and considers it. It bears the label "Gold medal," and he is questioning why it was so distinguished. "I see," he says at length,

"that's a gold medal one all right: it's just a hard-working mother." And another more stately mother with hands outstretched to bless the children inspires another boy to reflect, "That's a good one: it's everything of life—there's nature and people and feeling and beauty." Landscapes which come close to the heart of dwellers in brick streets call out a spontaneous outburst. "Oh, ain't it lovely," the chorus begins: "I like it, 'cause it's all green." "I like it because there are so many trees." "It's so restful, I like it," so they exclaim before meadow or farm yard or forest. Or a tenant of one bare room standing before a gorgeous interior of an Italian palace declares, "Look at that, it's a perfect hubbub of color." And another cries, "That's a good one there: it's all trimmed up." And a timid little girl, entranced by the soft lights on hair and dress and book of a beautiful lady on a sofa, whispers confidently, "I like it, 'cause it's so homestead."

So it sometimes happens that art snatches us from out of our practical world and sets us running free. For as any child knows, pictures, especially if a story is added, have a way of carrying us off, out from the near and the dull and the practical, out from humdrum surroundings into places of romance and thrills and adventure. Hence the joy of moving pictures. And at the Museum we have stories as well as pictures. On story-hour afternoons we have a room and a magic lantern to ourselves, and once the room is darkened and the story and pictures begin, then silence. And glorious light-bearing Apollo walks onto the screen, or St. George spurs his horse after the dragon, or Samuel Adams with animated gesture discourses on liberty and rights. Even the mechanical tricks of the lantern-man yield in fascination to the adventures of the hero, as Ulysses, pictured as the Greeks themselves saw him in vase-painting or marble, goes on his wanderings. This is a new setting, but an old story—"Sure," the boy admits, "I've read that before, and at first, I thought it was too much like literature; but now I'm used to it, I like it." Tales of the Moor in Spain with a sight of an actual bit of the Alhambra to follow, Japanese yarn or fairy story which make us laugh as Benkei's stolen bell tells

tales on him or old Visu, like our own Rip van Winkle, suddenly finds himself on Fujiyama, with 300 years gone over his head—"Say, that isn't really true?" one spell-bound small boy asks and sets the rest to jeering.

"I like best, stories of America," says the boy, and so we travel down the ages from the old world to the new. Lured by adventure and gold, we sail with Columbus and Pizarro; with the Dutch leave the wide-ruffed burghers behind to barter with the Indians in New Amsterdam; or in our own day, travel from the Bible-land of Syria to the big chance in America. "I liked that story of the Syrian boy," says one good American, "for it shows what our education can do for us." George Washington, the Indian, and the Minute-man flourish in perennial youth, and as the church steeple in which the lanterns were hung—"one if by land and two if by sea"—appears on the screen, one dark-skinned little visitor squirms with delight. "Yes, I see that every day," she cries, "and that, right there in the picture—that is the house where I live." There before her eyes, the djinn of the "movie" screen was working a spell, and changing her world from commonplace into story.

That is what we want and what we come to the museum for. One of the boys summed it up in his own words when he made his choice between two postcards offered the children as a souvenir, one card, a charming Persian miniature, of some mice, the other, a severely classic statue of Eirene and Plutos, "Peace and Prosperity." As he like most of the children chose the goddess, he explained why: "Them as has no rats at home, takes the rats; them as has rats, takes peace."

Peace and thrills, laughter and romance: these the djinn of picture and story conjures up for us when he waves his wand in the museum. So it is, that while the little country girl finds all that her imagination needs in her farmyard, amidst the genial companionship of horse or cow or pig, or with chips and sawdust playing house in her white birch woodpile, her little city sister comes to the museum where she can all but fondle the "real" painted deer or let her fancy play about some lovely interior. And the boy—if he cannot make for

field or wood, where woodchucks, rushing brooks, bird and beast and flower feed his curiosity, where,

"All things he heard or saw,
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy,"

the city boy tries the museum. There is the place where knights ride to tournament, where turbaned wizards of the East do their tricks, and palaces and castles take shape before him. Here he too, lacking the natural magic and mystery of the woods, finds his imagination's dancing ground and place of beauty. "It is like walking in a dream," says a rapt little girl; and an older boy with strangely hushed manner begs, "Must I go now? You see I care such a lot about these things."

So Play thrives in the art museum, making use in its kindly fashion of the materials of art to further its own ends. And if as Art and Play go hand in hand, Play is happy in painting its pictures in terms of beauty, Art, perhaps may be content if in these cheerful hours, it has its chance to print on open minds its hopes and visions.

THREE LESSONS ON THE APPRECIATION OF ART FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

By John W. Beatty, Director of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh. Published by the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.

These three lessons on the appreciation of art for young people take the form of three pamphlets; one on "Some Important Qualities of Paintings," one on the "Importance of Proportion" and "Grace of Line in Sculpture." They are issued in a single portfolio and with a brief paper by Mr. Beatty read before the Fourth Annual Meeting of the Association of Urban Universities held in Pittsburgh, November 15, 1917, which sets forth clearly the purpose of the lessons and the object for which they have been prepared. These lessons are essentially from the artist's view-point and in this respect are quite different from anything else of the kind which has been issued. Each is illustrated from examples in the Fine Arts Department of the Carnegie Institute and are of such well known examples that the pamphlets will be found of universal service.

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ART AND THE WAR

Not infrequently one hears it sadly murmured that the artists in this country have responded so poorly to the emotional appeal of the war. When in May the National Arts Club postponed its proposed exhibition of patriotic paintings because an insufficient number of works of conspicuous merit were sent in, quite a good many heads were shaken dubiously. Excuses were made the war had not yet been keenly felt in America, we were too remote from the firing line, etc., etc.

The fact is, however, that the excuses were not needed. The artists have responded, but not precisely in the anticipated way. In the language of the railway crossing let us "stop, look and listen." What about those sighting targets that have been so skilfully painted that they have served the army instructors better than the thing itself? What about the posters that have persuaded the ungenerous to be prodigal in liberality? What about the series of Lithographs of War Works which toured the country last winter, stirring patriotism wherever shown? What about the magazine illustrations? There are war pictures and plenty and good ones too, striking at those things which are universal and fundamental. The magazines are hard hit by the war, harder than many would like to acknowledge, but they are through their illustrations, furnishing ammunition of a very real and serviceable kind and thus in a large

and potent way helping to win the war. Incidentally too they are helping to democratize art by bringing it to the people; they are opening a door to the artists by furnishing a large and critical if unschooled audience, that audience which in the end must always constitute the highest court—the general public. What too of the art of the cartoonist, that powerful instrument which helps so potently in the formation of public opinion?

Furthermore, war is having a very definite effect upon art, though many may not suspect it. It is doing away with unrealistic distinctions and emphasizing fundamentals; it is eliminating—let us hope for all time—those ugly words "high brow" and "low brow" and making all mankind akin. High and low are today sharing common experiences, common emotions, and these only is art called upon to interpret. If they are well interpreted we shall have great art, art which is understood and appreciated, art which will endure. If they are not—then art will perish and the world will be infinitely poorer than we believe it to be.

THE LIVING MASTERS

According to one of our contemporaries, while the second drive by the Germans in the great battle of Flanders was in progress the other day, the contents of the studio of Edward Degas were disposed of in Paris by public auction and brought the astounding sum of \$1,100,000". This is said to have been a sign of French confidence, of French judgment, of French belief in the genius of the Nation even at a moment when it might have been supposed that the people had no interest in things spiritual.

About the same time great sums of money were being paid in an auction room in this country for examples of the art of Italy in the time of the Renaissance.

None of the works purchased in Paris or in New York were by living artists or craftsmen. In fact to a great extent the sale of works by American artists and craftsmen has almost come to an end since the war began. Were the works that were purchased much better than any that are produced today? Were they purchased because of their intrinsic beauty, or because of their market value? Did those who

ought them desire the possession, having recognized their worth, or because they were rare and in the judgment of commerce, good investments? There is one thing certain that art cannot thrive unless it is marketable. Had there not been those in the days of the Italian Renaissance who recognized merit and patronized the art of that time there would be none of it today to be purchased. So long as there is enough money in private possession to be spent so lavishly for works by deceased artists and craftsmen, it does not seem right that living artists and craftsmen should find no market for their works.

NATIONAL GIFTS

A resolution urging the enactment of legislation to prevent the making of gifts of a public representative character to foreign countries by voluntary organizations in the United States without the approval of the proper authorities of the United States Government, was adopted by the American Federation of Arts at its recent Convention in Detroit. Such legislation would now be most timely not merely to prevent the erection in London of a caricature of Lincoln, but to prevent the erection in France of works in sculpture similarly caricaturing the great emotional appeal of the war.

Several such gifts are already proposed by overzealous enthusiasts whose knowledge of sculpture is apparently biased by an acquaintance with the sculptors and who could unthinkingly take upon themselves the privilege and responsibility of standing for the Nation in selecting and offering a so-called National gift.

Mr. Edwin H. Blashfield has recently completed a stirring war picture. The title is "Carry On" and it represents our American boys going "over the top." Democracy and Liberty are symbolized. Rarely have realism and allegory been so successfully combined. The painting is 12 x 12 feet in dimensions. During August it was shown at the Corcoran Gallery, Washington. Later it will be exhibited in the Art Museums of the country under the auspices of the American Federation of Arts.

NOTES

THE AMERICAN
ACADEMY
IN ROME

The war has practically caused a suspension of routine work at the Academy in Rome. No new fellows have been appointed for two years. Almost every one connected with the Academy is engaged in war relief work. The Villa Miraflore is being used as a hospital for the care and education of Italian soldiers who have lost arms and legs, having been lent to the Italian Government by the Academy. Half a dozen workshops have been put up in the gardens of the Villa Miraflore, and the grounds have been connected with a large lot of land next door where the soldiers themselves are raising vegetables and flowers.

The Villa Chiaraviglio is occupied at present by Captain Parsons of the American Red Cross. He has, however, agreed to relinquish it on a week's notice if the main Academy building is needed as a hospital.

The Villa Aurelia, formerly the residence of the director, is occupied at present by Col. Perkins of the American Red Cross.

The Villa Bellacci is occupied by two American Army officers.

Mr. E. I. Williams, former Fellow in Architecture, is now a captain working with the American Red Cross and has complete charge of the American Red Cross activities in the Province of Genoa.

Lieut. Davidson, former Fellow in Painting, is working with the American Red Cross in the province of Rome.

Lieut. Hough, former Fellow in Architecture, has charge of the American Red Cross warehouses in Florence.

Lieut. Stickroth, former Fellow in Painting, is stationed at Anzio in the Province of Rome, where he is looking after refugees and the needy civil population.

Lieut. Schutz, Fellow in Architecture, is running a canteen in the station of Ancona for Italian soldiers. This canteen feeds on the average of 25,000 soldiers a week.

Lieut. Lawson, Fellow in Landscape Architecture, is working with the American Red Cross in the office of civil affairs. His special job is looking after pensions for Italian families who have relatives in the American Army.

Lieut. Renier, Fellow in Sculpture, has charge of the American Red Cross activities at Monteporzio, in the province of Rome, where there are many profughi. He has many schools, workshops, etc., under his care.

Mr. Cowles, Fellow in Painting, is working with the U. S. Naval Attaché as a sort of aide-de-camp.

Lieut. Kennedy, Fellow in Architecture, is with Schutz in the American Red Cross canteen at Ancona. It was he who first opened the canteen.

Mr. Jennewein, Fellow in Sculpture, is employed by the American Red Cross at Monteporzio to instruct about 80 profughi boys in the applied arts.

Lieut. Cox, Fellow in Painting, the son of Kenyon Cox, is stationed with Capt. Lothrop at Rimini, where he has charge of a lace school for profughi and other similar activities, under the direction of the American Red Cross.

Lieut. Taylor, Fellow of the Classical School, is working with Hough in the American Red Cross warehouse at Florence.

Miss Taylor, Fellow of the Classical School, is in the surgical dressings department of the American Red Cross, having charge of all outgoing supplies.

Prof. Gorham Phillips Stevens, the present director of the Academy, is giving almost all of his time to Red Cross work and is rendering splendid service. In a report to the New York office in May the following account of Prof. Stevens' personal activities was given:

"My own Red Cross work this last month (May) has consisted principally of an automobile trip of eleven days through the Abruzzi and Puglie, where I visited more than twenty 'circondari,' leaving sums of money in each for the neediest families of the Italian soldiers. Since last September more than 2,600,000 lire of A. R. C. money has been entrusted to me for one purpose or another, and today I have not a lire of this left. As a member of the Executive Committee of the Pro Sardinia Society I am helping organize a campaign against malaria in that Island; Senator Marconi is our President. I am also a member of the Executive Committee of the Italo-American Union; we had a very interesting lunch on Decoration Day, at

which our Ambassador (Thomas Nelson Page) presided; many important Italian were present. Another Union of which I am a member of the Executive Committee in Rome is the American University Union.—Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes is the Chairman of this Union; the Roman section of the Union had its first dinner last month there were about 75 men at the table. In some of the speeches were extremely good. I had the pleasure of sitting next to M. Besnard of the French Academy. The object of the Union is to give some social home life and care to University students engaged in war work in Europe. The Committee has engaged rooms at a hotel as a sort of club, and made arrangements with the same hotel to take University students in at reduced rates.

"Col. Perkins gave an afternoon reception at the Villa Aurelia for all of his Red Cross workers, which was a great success. He read a telegram from the King of Italy thanking the A. R. C. for what it has done and is still doing—the telegram was a great satisfaction to Col. Perkins personally and to each one of us individually. The Ambassador was there and made a speech.

"The American music which was brought from New York to Count di San Martini is in Italy now on its way from Genoa to Rome at this moment."

The last sentence in this interesting report refers to a plan projected last autumn to give two or three concerts of music written by American composers at the Augusteo during the winter. The arrival of the music prevented this plan from being carried out. There is a great desire, it is said, on the part of Italian musical people to hear and understand American music. There is on this side of the water a growing interest in the establishment at the Academy of a Fellowship in Music on the basis of the French Prix de Rome in Music.

When the war ends and the regular work of the Academy is again resumed the intention is to send a painter to Rome as an instructor in the School of Fine Arts.

Prof. Charles Upson Clark, formerly of the School of Classical Studies, formerly of Yale University, has been lecturing in this country for some months in behalf of Italy and has been granted leave of absence

continue this work during the coming year. He has been a very real help in interpreting Italy to American audiences, and what he has done is very much appreciated by the Italians.

ART IN HONOLULU

The artists of Hawaii held an exhibition not long ago at the Territorial Fair which takes on rather the character of an exposition. Although housed in army tents and under the direct auspices of the United States Army, the Art Gallery with its wooden walls covered with tan burlap accented with black and a canvas roof, was really beautiful and excellent for the purpose. It was planned and carried out by A. R. Gurrey. The exhibit both in excellence and interest was said to have compared most favorably with those held on the mainland. Most important among the artists exhibiting were those living temporarily on the Island. Lionel Walden's brilliantly executed seascapes dominated the show. Charles W. Bartlett, a distinguished English painter, contributed a group of water colors. E. W. Christmas, also English, showed several oils as well as water colors. Roger Noble Burnham of Boston exhibited a group of portraits in low relief of great delicacy and charm which were given a special award. He also showed the detail of a memorial fountain just completed for the University of North Carolina. Mr. Burnham is now at work on a large memorial for Hawaii. Especially interesting were the paintings by resident artists of Hawaii whose names are well known in the field of art. Howard Hitchcock showed some brilliant views of the volcano, and Juliette May Fraser showed some fine Hawaiian landscapes in oil.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND THE PARIS SALON

The exhibition at the Royal Academy in London this year is said to have contained few war paintings or paintings definitely showing the influence of war upon art. There were excellent portraits of J. J. Shannon, Melton Fisher, Fiddes Watt, Sir John Lavery, Charles Shannon, Greifenhagen, Charles Sims and others; landscapes of note by D. Y. Cameron, Sir David Murray, Alfred Parsons and Arnesby

Brown; and figure paintings by Anning Bell, S. Reid and Harold Speed; but almost no pictures interpreting the great emotions of the day or setting forth war scenes.

But according to a special correspondent of the Boston *Evening Transcript*, this was not the case with the Paris Salon held at approximately the same time, where there was shown a painting by Jules Adler entitled "August, 1914," picturing a crowd of French people standing on a sidewalk watching the soldiers march by on their way to the front, the faces of the watching crowd giving expression to varied emotions. Notable also was a painting by Lucien Jonas dealing with the actualities of war, which was entitled, "Les Affames en Pays Envahi." It set forth a group of hungry civilians awaiting their turn in front of a bakery, where a German soldier in a steel helmet stood to keep the crowd in order. Joseph Bail exhibited "Lingerie, Hospice de Beaune," picturing a large, bare, dimly lighted interior, where six or eight sisters in white gowns and caps are arranging and sorting out the linen for use in the hospital. Jules Joets was represented by an equestrian portrait of Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, depicting the great general seated on a handsome horse on the top of a slight eminence, his figure relieved against a partly clouded sky. Jean Paul Laurens' contribution was a group entitled "Le Comité de Sécurité de la Ville de Paris (1914)" showing four portraits of conspicuous figures in French public life, painted presumably when Paris was considered in imminent danger from the great German drive, which was stopped and turned back at the Marne. Felix Bouchor was represented by a picture of an episode in the little village of Gerardmer, entitled "La Marseillaise Salue l'Arrivée du Général de Pouydraguin."

A set of lithographs by Lucien Jonas of Paris representing war scenes in France ("The Soul of France")—its valor, its self-sacrifice, its patience under suffering,

has been very generously lent by Mr. Sabin to the American Federation of Arts to be shown throughout the country. This set will be exhibited under the auspices of the

Federation in one of the small galleries of Knoedler's, Fifth Avenue, New York City, during August, after which it will go out on a circuit. Reproductions of these lithographs have been made with Mr. Sabin's permission both in the original size and as post cards, and can be obtained through the Federation either for the purpose of exhibition, or through purchase for permanent collections. A similar collection of this notable series is owned by Williams College, and a third set is owned by a Mr. Allemann of Washington and has been lent by him indefinitely to the Print Division of the Library of Congress where it is being exhibited. From the last named set the Pictorial Division of the Committee on Public Information at Washington has had a limited number of lantern slides made.

Lucian Jonas, according to a writer in a recent issue of *Town and Country* first began his special drawings when the great industrial strike occurred in the mining regions of France where he grew up. It was then that he developed a talent for depicting conditions in so moving a way that people would crowd around a window where his works were shown. He has a wife and three small children, and he has not only his own little family to support, but his brother's. Not only is he an accomplished draftsman showing in his work that thoroughness of training as well as intuitive skill common to French artists, but he has the gift of vision and interprets in his pictures those things which are fundamental—moments and emotions common to all and therefore universally significant. He has chosen to depict not the horrors of war but rather its splendors—the great compensating good that, as a purging fire, the tragedy of warfare brings forth.

RECENT WOOD
CARVINGS BY
KIRCHMAYER

Mr. George G. Booth has lately added to his collection of examples of work by American craftsmen, lent to the Detroit Art Museum, a wood carving by I. Kirchmayer, which represents "A Christmas Festival in Heaven." This carving shows the Virgin standing upon a supporting circle of cherubim, holding forth the infant Savior. Below on either side is a row of apostles, with Calvary suggested in the background, while between are

Gregory, Augustin, Jerome and Ambrose. The design is incised into an oak timber four inches thick, two feet wide, and five and a half feet high. The plank is pierced and entirely cut away in parts, leaving the central figures in the round, the angels, apostles and saints being in high relief.

Another fine piece of wood carving by Mr. Kirchmayer was shown during the month of June at the gallery of the Society of Arts and Crafts, Boston. This was ordered to be placed in the chapel of Calvary Church at Pittsburgh, Pa. It comprised seven carved figures.

FROM
PHILADELPHIA

One of the surprises of the present war is the unexpected activity of the members of the various artistic professions in furnishing important aid to the cause of the allied armies now in the field. The readers of articles upon the subject appearing in the columns of some of the newspapers about the time of the entrance of the United States into the contest as a belligerent power, were lead to believe that artists "would have to take a back seat" as they phrased it; that no possible use could be made of their professional ability, that they should be considered as superfluous, unnecessary in time of war and that their work should be classed among the things which should patriotically deny ourselves in favor of war loans or savings stamps. Quite misleading were such statements as everyone now knows, false premises disproved by subsequent events. Designation charts and sighting canvases, representing an enemy's position under fire of machine guns or heavy artillery, used in the training camps in the courses of instruction camouflage work on ships, locations of land batteries and trenches together with drawings and posters intended to speed up production of war and merchant vessels, to stimulate enlistment in the various branches of the government service or investment in national loans, all these certainly leave no doubt as to the valuable nature of the assistance our artists can lend to the work of winning the war. The Academy Fellowship in Philadelphia was among the first groups to show their "raison d'être" in war time and the Salmagundi Club of New York has converted its

fine gallery in the new quarters into a studio for war workers. Painters and etchers who have sketched scenery, roads and bridges in localities in France, Belgium, Luxemburg and west of the line running north and south through the city of Hamburg now occupied by the German forces, will find that such material will be valuable to the Military Intelligence Branch of the War Department of the United States. An official communication just received by your correspondent from Col. A. B. Coxe in charge of assembling drawings and photographs in the office of the General Staff in Washington states that there has been a response to the request of such work recently issued and that a number of water color drawings that are of great availability to the Department have already been received from Philadelphia.

An interesting note in reference to acquisitions comes from Mr. Hamilton Bell, Acting Director of the Pennsylvania Museum, in which he mentions the presentation by Mrs. Albert F. Brubaker, in memory of Frederick J. Kimball and Helen R. Grafflin, of a collection of works of Industrial Art that greatly enhance the value of the collection in Memorial Hall. The largest part of the bequest consists of Old Delft Pottery ware, a set of twelve plates decorated with figures in provincial costumes of 1700, following the occupations appropriate to each month of the year and produced in the celebrated "Porcelain Axe" factory, being the feature of the group. With these are six large Delft plates and a garniture of four covered vases in blue and white, decorated in Chinese style. Two large "powder blue" Chinese porcelain vases mounted in Ormolu of the period of Louis XVI, a Chinese Celadon vase similarly mounted; two black basalt, Wedgwood jugs designed by Flakman and a Meissen China jewel box complete the list of ceramics. There is also a fine old Harpischord in a painted and gilt case, decorated with gesso work in relief and a curious old dulcimer of eighteenth century design, two large pieces of Louis XV inlaid furniture with ormolu mountings, an old Korean chest with heavy brass mounts, hinges and lock plates. A bronze statuette "Icarus" signed by the French sculptor, Ferrat, in 1849, and a reproduction of the

group of "The Boxers" in bronze, are included in the same bequest. Rembrandt Peale's portrait of a "Boy in a Red Jacket," dated 1843, a figure of a horse by Buenes- sen in Royal Copenhagen porcelain were left to the Museum by the late Mary K. Bent and are now on temporary exhibition pending permanent installment in the Museum.

Seventy-four members of the Pennsylvania Academy Fellowship are serving in the Army or Navy, four Red Cross ambulances have been contributed and circulars headed "Artists Are Not Slackers" are out for six more ambulances.

EUGENE CASTELLO.

ROBERT
VONNOH'S
PORTRAIT OF
WEIR MITCHELL

The portrait gallery of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts has recently been enriched by the portrait of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell by Robert Vonnoh, the gift of Edward Horner Coates, formerly president of the Academy. This portrait, reproduced in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART some years ago, is one of Mr. Vonnoh's most successful achievements. It represents Dr. Mitchell, no less famous as a physician than as a writer, seated in an armchair with a book in his left hand closed over his forefinger. The keen kindly eyes are those of the skilled diagnostician—the friend of humanity, the great physician. The lofty forehead and thoughtful mien suggest the lover of literature, the maker of works, the author of "Hugh Wynne," "Francois," and "The Red City."

Mr. Vonnoh has been asked by the Manager of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts to conduct the composition classes during the coming season at the Academy in place of Mr. Joseph Pearson who is to have a leave of absence for the season.

ART IN
INDIANAPOLIS

The John Herron Art Institute for the summer is open to the soldiers of Fort Benjamin Harrison with concerts and entertainments of various kinds. Bastille Day (July 14th) was celebrated on the spacious lawn under the forest trees.

Four galleries were hung with an important collection of rare old paintings and choice ivories, new to art lovers of Indiana, lent by Mr. Frank C. Ball of Muncie, Ind. The greater part of this collection was pur-

chased from the collection formed by the late George A. Hearn of New York City, for many years a trustee of the Metropolitan Museum, the remainder from the James Buchanan Brady sale. A generously illustrated catalog with biographical notes on the artists is graciously provided by Mr. Ball for free distribution.

The Institute is also showing a collection of Wood Engravings by Rudolph Ruzicka assembled by the Museum Association of Newark, N. J., and an unusual collection of historical war arms lent by Mrs. M. W. Kelley, Miss Eliza Niblack and W. O. Bates all of Indianapolis. The beauty of the ancient implements of war has been accented by the display of modern equipment lent by Fort Benjamin Harrison.

ART IN CHICAGO

The Western Society of Sculptors which has its headquarters in Chicago, and includes nearly all the active sculptors, men and women, in the Middle West elected Albin Polasek, President; Nancy Cox MacCormack, Vice-President; Pompeo Coppini, Secretary; and Nellie V. Walker, Treasurer, at its annual meeting. The Western Society of Sculptors is cooperating with a committee of citizens and civic authorities to erect a sculpture memorial in Grant Park for Chicago soldiers and sailors who die on the field of honor. The intention is to have a monumental group of a design agreed upon by all the sculptors, in which the symbolic idea can be worked out by many men and women in the different studios. There will be a place for tablets bearing the names of heroes.

Ralph Clarkson, N. A., portrait painter, had the privilege of having three portraits, those of Eli Buell Williams, Hobart W. Williams, his son, and Thomas Crowder Chamberlain, presented to the University of Chicago, recently. Both men of the Williams family are benefactors of the University, and Professor Chamberlain is eminent in the department of Geology.

During the exhibit of aerial paintings by Lieutenant Farré at the Art Institute, the attendance reached over 12,000 the first Sunday, and daily the week following varied from 4,000 to 8,000 persons.

Hermon MacNeil, the sculptor, is to design and execute a monument in memory

of Jacques Marquette, the explorer and missionary, to be erected at 24th Street and Marshall Boulevard, under the auspices of the Ferguson Monument Fund of Chicago.

A Chicago Chapter of the Art Alliance of America has been organized by 12 public spirited citizens representing manufacturers, merchants, interior decorators, artists and publicity men. The organization was effected for the purpose of bringing together the different interests for mutual helpfulness and cooperation. It was regarded as a present war measure, its aim being to raise the standard of quality and establish aesthetic traditions for American products. Among those on the committee are Alexander T. Revell, Eames MacVeagh, Ralph Fletcher Seymour, Harold Bradley, Herbert Mulford, Lionel Robertson, and Director George W. Eggers of the Art Institute.

The Hamilton Club, one of the oldest political clubs in Chicago, has initiated a series of exhibitions of paintings by American artists which it intends to continue throughout the year. President Nims and Carman Thomson, Chairman of the Art Committee have placed themselves on record as beginning an art movement which will place paintings before hundreds of men who are unacquainted with the Art Institute. The Union League Club owns and adds to annually a collection of important canvases by both European and American artists. The Chicago Club has portraits of distinguished members by Sargent, Zorn, Betts and other well-known masters.

Miss Gertrude Spaller, a woman mural painter, has installed 12 large panels, each containing a spirited female figure symbolizing one of the resources of the United States in the Roof Garden of the La Salle Hotel. The paintings are brilliant in color and decorative, the drawing being executed in a bold, free manner. Liberty and Victory are the central ideas and following through the scheme are Industry, Finance, Transportation, Science, Fine Arts, Education, Textile Industries, and Agriculture, Defence and Justice. Miss Spaller has painted decorations for the Highland Park High School and a series for the Panama Pacific Exposition. The La Salle Hotel Roof Garden scheme of decoration in-

cludes a wide winged American Eagle, 30 feet from tip to tip, the piece of sculpture modeled by Frederick C. Hibbard of the Midway Studios.

THE
AWFULNESS
OF WAR

One of the most dramatic war pictures yet produced is a small etching by an English artist, James McBey, entitled "Spring 1917," showing the stark trunks of trees, leafless and branchless, done to death by the enemy's onslaught, a picture rendered with the utmost simplicity, gravely serious, extremely reserved, yet tragic and pathetic beyond words.

We have sent eight artists to France to make pictorial records of the war, but so far we have sent no artists to render a service of this kind. The men that we have sent are for the most part illustrators. But the drama of war is worth recording and we should send a great artist, one who will see it from a pictorial and dramatic standpoint and who will have the power to interpret it with grave dignity.

The cartoonist has both a great opportunity and a great responsibility in such times as these to help form and regulate public opinion. Raemaekers, the Hollander, has rendered enormous service to the cause of Democracy and Liberty through his stirring cartoons. Yet in one of our mid-western cities, Detroit, a less well known cartoonist, Tom May, is rendering a similar service. A drawing by this cartoonist, published in the Detroit Free Press of May 23d, under the auspices of the Detroit Patriotic Fund, is one of the most stirring appeals for patriotism and justice that has yet been made, depicting with fearful vividness the barbarity of the enemy—a barbarity still, in this country, almost beyond belief.

In London not long ago was shown an exhibition of war pictures by William Rothenstein. Mr. Rothenstein is said to have avoided horrors as much as possible, his effort being to depict what there is of beauty in the ruin and chaos of the battle zone. Mr. William Orpen, whose work is well known to readers of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART, is one of the official British artists on the western front. He has given most of his time to painting

portraits of distinguished British Army Officers. His work is quite remote from the usual type of official portraiture. A group of these portraits was exhibited in one of the dealers' galleries in London this summer. Sir John Lavery, an exhibition of whose paintings was shown in various museums of this country a few years ago, is also one of the British official artists. He has devoted himself entirely to painting pictures of scenes and incidents pertaining to the maritime forces of Great Britain.

A notable exhibition of war posters collected by Frank S. Wood for the Holland Purchase Historical Society was shown in the Y. W. C. A. building at Batavia, N. Y., in the early summer. These posters were gathered from all parts of the world. Fifty were French, others came from Italy, Poland, Russia, Greece, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand. There were also British, Canadian and American posters in profusion. Mr. Wood is vice-president of the Holland Purchase Historical Society.

Mr. Robert Chanler, whose decorative paintings are well known, has recently executed two large mural panels to be placed in the Y. M. C. A. hut at General Pershing's headquarters in France. One represents an Indian buffalo hunt on the plains and is quite in Mr. Chanler's usual style; the other pictures Brooklyn Bridge with the sky-scrapers of New York forming the background.

The Art Department of the Newark Public Library and Museum assembled and sent out last September (approximately a year ago), a traveling exhibition of American war posters. This exhibition had been shown in twenty places up to July 1st of the present year and is still scheduled up to January, 1919. In addition exhibitions of pictures were selected and hung in the Camp Libraries at Camp Upton, L. I., and at Camp Dix, N. J. These exhibits include foreign photographs and foreign war posters, mounted cartoons by Bairnsfather of England and W. E. Hill of the *Tribune*, portraits of great generals, decorative French postcards, flags of the United States and of other nations, and interiors of Old Belgium.

At the Guild of Boston Artists, 162 Boylston Street, Boston, an exhibition of members' work is being held during the summer. Included in this show is a recent painting by Charles Hopkins entitled "The Piazza Door." The picture shows one of his own little girls stepping out of the door of their summer home on to the piazza with her white kitten by her side. Another notable work is Gertrude Fiske's portrait of Charles H. Woodbury, which was awarded the Hudson prize last year at the Connecticut Academy of the Fine Arts.

Prof. George Breed Zug, head of the Department of Fine Arts at Dartmouth College, has been largely giving his time lately to lecturing in cantonnments under the auspices of the National War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A. For this purpose he has prepared a series of illustrated lectures on "Art and the War"—"War Cartoons," "Great Buildings in the War Zone," "Fighting the Kaiser with Brush and Pencil," "Masterpieces of French Art," "British War Picture," "French and American War Pictures," "War Posters," etc. Mr. Zug has had twenty years' experience as a lecturer. His family is of Swiss and English origin, but have been in this country for nearly two hundred years. He studied for six years in Europe and for the past fifteen years has been on the regular staffs of the University of Chicago and Dartmouth College.

The Municipal Art League has established a \$300 Traveling Scholarship in America for a gifted student in the School of Design at the Art Institute. An itinerary is planned to include visits to important museums in the east, to private collections and public buildings. Boarding places will be designated and certain authorities with whom to confer named. On the return the student must submit an account and commentary of the journey. Miss Lorene Kuter is the first recipient of the prize. She is traveling this summer.

The Artists, Guild is holding a series of "Popular Paintings" exhibitions all summer in a gallery on Michigan Boulevard in the Fine Arts Building. Owing to a

drive for membership started before the United States entered the war, the Artists Guild has doubled its members, having many east of the Alleghenies as in the Chicago region.

Bela Ormo, by birth a Hungarian, now an American citizen, is exhibiting five great canvases on "The Curse of Kultur" at Aeolian Hall, Chicago. They are symbolic as well as realistic. The subjects are "The Declaration of War" (Death riding furiously on a White Horse); "Breaking up Home," "On the Road to Conquest," "Conquest" and "The Result"—Misery, Poverty, Suffering.

Leonard Crunelle, sculptor, won the prize of \$160 offered by the Municipal Art League in a competition under the auspices of The Western Society of Sculptors for a monumental fountain of fanciful design suitable for a small park remote from the larger parks, already adorned with sculpture. The design showed an Indian maiden and young brave as the principal group and the edge of the basin was ornamented with frogs and water plants.

Forty-three large canvases by artists of Chicago will hang in the art gallery of the Municipal Pier, Chicago, during the summer and in September. "The Squirrel Boy," a bronze by Leonard Crunelle, is the only piece of sculpture. It is very popular among children. It was estimated that over 3,000,000 persons visited the Municipal Art Gallery at the Municipal Pier last summer.

Mr. Gerrit H. Beneker, who is at present in Washington making illustrated drawings, posters, etc., on one of the Navy's big industrial jobs, is planning with Frank H. Desch to send out a traveling exhibition of his work this winter. The exhibit will comprise twenty paintings by Mr. Beneker and an equal number by Mr. Desch. The exhibit will be shown first at the Art Museum in Syracuse and later in Milwaukee and Elmira.

An exhibition of sketches made at the front by Baron Charles Huard was recently held at Roullier's in Chicago.



"CARRY ON"

An Oil Painting 9 x 12 feet in dimensions

BY

EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD